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The
Wobbly
Wink-Eyed
Little
Wop



J. Clarence Edwards

YOU WOBBLY WINK-EYED
LITTLE WOP

AND

THE WOBBLY WINK-EYED
WOP DESERTS

IN VERSE



By

J. CLARENCE EDWARDS

Author of

“Pastime Puns and Poems”

Copyrighted December, 1919

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To My Buddies



Of the U. S. Army—some three million in
number;

Of the 90th Division more specifically, and
Particularly to the 315th Engineers, to which
Regiment I was “attached for rations,”
Being a Liability of Company “E,”

This little Volume is
Dedicated.



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E.H.H. 23 Dec 1919

You Wobbly Wink-Eyed
Little Wop

Foreword



This bit of human nature verse is offered you who love the humane in nature.

Though written under military surroundings (when the author was training with the 90th Division at Camp Travis), the audience it found among the civilian populace was equally as gratifying as the reception given it by fellow soldiers.

And it is with a continuing touch of gratitude that I here take occasion to thank the many Traveling Men, Teachers of Schools and Expression, School Children, Girls of Commercial Pursuits, and last and best, Mothers, whose letters so generously expressed to the author their appreciation of the verse when it appeared in the Magazine Section of the San Antonio Express.

It is therefore hoped that this little volume may, in a measure, meet the many demands for the verses in more permanent form.

THE AUTHOR.

You Wobbly Wink-Eyed Little Wop

□



You lanky, lonesome little
shrimp,
Your tailors cut you kind o'
skimp!
Wye, every slat's a-showin'
through
The bloomin' fuzzy hide o'
you.

What makes you shiver? You ain't cold!
You'd better calm yourself and hold
That group of trembly little stilts
Of yours at military tilts!
I wonder what you're doin' here?
You don't look like a volunteer!
There ain't a uniform in camp
'Ould fit to you, you little scamp!
With food control out here so strict
It seems to me you've gone and picked
Yourself a sort o' meatless bone
To swell your flanks and stummick on,
For Uncle Sam's got lots o' hogs
To feed his scraps, and straggler dogs
Like you, you bowed-up little bum,
Ain't got a chance to mooch a crumb!





But it don't take an X-ray eye
To see your breedin's purty high—
Your puppish heart, so far as that,
Is just as clean as if you's fat.
You got a plum good-natured grin
That makes me want to take you in
And mornin's when you'd feel the chill
I'd love to take you out to drill
If you could do it worth a cent!
You think you'd know what "squads
right" meant?
And when they'd say "Attention!" Please
What would you do? Still stand at ease?
Quite so—and muss the rank all up—
Oh no, we couldn't use you, pup!
But here's some "hard-tack." Grate
your throat!
I fear it's more'n your legs can tote,
But try it. And these
"German fried"
'Ave grease enough to
make 'em slide
Straight to that spot of
emptiness
That keeps your innards
in distress!





And, say, old sport, about
them eyes:

Wye, they don't seem to
advertise

No poverty, nor that
you're blue,

You optimistic midget
you!

I guess you think your
hide and bone

Don't have to look so blamed high-tone
Just since you keep your heart hung right,—
But durned if you don't look a sight.
Them ribs stick up so drotted high
Your sides look like a latticed pie,
And every hair stuck in your hide
Looks like it's took the rust and died!
You're jest a quiver in the breeze
That's likely starved a million fleas.
But 'cordin' to the way I judge
You've got a brain that needn't fudge
On looks to get you by, at that,
And when I get you rollin' fat
There ain't a high-brow dog in town
That as for "class" can turn you down!
So just forget your form, old scout;
Recruits don't have to be stout;
We take 'em in and build 'em up—



I guess 'twould work with Mister Pup—
So stand ATTENTION, now—Salute!
You military little brute,
You're dog outside but on the whole
You've got a human heart and soul
And if God's got one least regret
I'm sure it's cause he didn't set
That tongue of yours to speech, old top—
You wobbly, wink-eyed little wop!



The Wobbly, Wink-Eyed
Wop Deserts

The Wobbly Wink-Eyed Wop Deserts

□



I'm sorry, Wop, I didn't
know
That you was fixin' up
to go—
In fact I feel a trifle
hurt
To think you'd go and
clean desert

And never come around to whine
An "au revoir" in some canine
Vernacular, and maybe shake
A paw with me for Memory's sake.
Perhaps you didn't like the fare
Of Army Life? But on the square
You never had to do "K. P."
For little things that seemed to be
Such heinous crimes for us to do;
And ain't we most as good as you?
That is, the best of us. Your bunk:
You know you sometimes left it punk,
All tumbled up, untidy like,
As though your pride was on a strike.
Yet on Inspection Day the "Top"
He never took the name of Wop
For dirty leggins, gun not par,
And other things they stick us for!





Or maybe chances to ad-
vance
Looked at your hopes so
much askance
That all at once, without a
word
Of any kind, you jest trans-
ferred?

Perhaps it was a little slow
The way promotion seem to grow,
But I'd in mind to make it high;
Instead of Non-Com chevrons, I
Wuz thinkin' that a gold hat-cord
Around the neck of woppish lord
Would fix him up a first-class Lieut
With brains and rank for once to suit!
And hoping that it might appease
Your heart to have a cat to tease,
I'd searched the place out for a kit
With disposition jest to fit
The case—not so irate, you know,
As might scratch out an eye or two.
I guess it won't help things to grieve
Because a pal goes on French leave;
And if I only knowed that you
Wuz in good hands, not even blue,



And had a nice, warm place to sleep
Where people thought you worth your keep,
I maybe wouldn't worry when
The sleet and rain comes drivin' in
The barracks, and the weather man
Turns on the coldest that he can
To blain our hides from head to toe
With temperature ten points below!
But don't you know it hurts to think
That you may be right on the brink
Of famine, or your fatless frame
Is playin' at a losin' game?
But, anyhow, old pal o' mine,
Betwixt yourself and Him Divine
That had no better comrade than
Good dogs like you to give to man,
I think you understand the way
I feel about you, and some day
I hope you'll come a-stragglin' in
To cheer things up for me again.



It's awful dreary now,
and glum,
When drill is over 'n
you don't come
A-friskin' up to wel-
come me
Back to the barracks,
for you see
The best of men gets on
a grouch

At times, and lets their feelin's slouch
The officers, they ain't all kind
At times, and seems it's hard to find
One who don't now and then forget
That all of us is brothers yet.
With you it wuz so different;
No matter how the balance went,
You never seemed to lose your grip
On courtesy. You'd come and slip
Your icy little nose into
My hand when I was feelin' blue,
Or thought I wasn't treated fair,
And then the gloom, it wasn't there!
And even if dyspepsia jabbed
You in the "pit," you never crabbed;
I always found a mood in you
That seemed to soothe me thru and thru—
You knowed just how to keep me glad:
That smilin' little way you had



Of clearin' up my sky-line, drew
My very heart and soul to you.
And so I sort o' choke with sighs
And maybe tears come in my eyes
When I allow myself to think
Of how them knowin' eyes 'ould blink
With tender things you couldn't say
Because you didn't talk my way.
My spirits they ain't high no more
And bouyant like they wuz before
When you wuz here and on the hop,--
You wobbly, wink-eyed little Wop!





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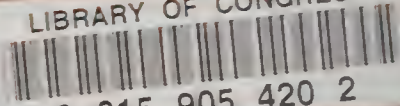


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